

## ARCHAEOLOGISTS MEET

### Spanish Folk Songs and Music Are Enjoyed at Church of the Unity

Editor Charles F. Lummis was in his element last night presiding over a meeting at the Church of the Unity of the Southwestern Society of the Archaeological Institute of America. The program was made up of Spanish folk lore songs, which were tastefully sung by the Misses Villa and Manuela and Mercedes Garcia; mandolin, flute and guitar symphonies and phonographic reproductions of songs.

As Mr. Lummis explained to the large audience which assembled in the church, the object of the society is to preserve archaeological and ethnological records, to assist in the collection and exploration of such work and to carry out in general the aims of the national society, which was founded in 1879 in Boston by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton and others.

At present the society is engaged in the collection of Spanish and Indian songs sung 100 or more years ago.

L. A. Herald

Feb. 27, 1904



SF Examiner, Dec 6, 1925

108

## NEWS EVENTS

### SPIRIT OF THE OLD SPANISH SOUTHWEST IS PRESERVED IN SONGS COLLECTED BY LUMMIS

By REDFERN MASON

ONE night recently, at a dinner at Coppa's, the Pueblo chieftains were there, with John Collier, Albert Elkus and an assortment of all kinds of Americans for whom the communal life of the Pueblos, its music, its weaving and its beautiful pottery seem too precious a thing to be elbowed out of existence by selfish squatters or industrialized by a misguided Indian Board.

One of the company was Charles Fletcher Lummis, that expatriated Easterner who in early manhood cast off the New England habit of mind and came under the spell of Old Spain and its humane civilization. For six years he lived with the Redskins of the Southwest. Their nearness to Mother Earth won his heart. Here were people who made myths in Nature's image—myths not less essentially poetical than those of Pan and Demeter.

Listening to the ancestral chants, Lummis sloughed off the Massachusetts complex and emerged a new man, and he began to live the life of one for whom simplicity and truth and beauty were of more importance than making a fortune.

When Lummis reached Los Angeles, some forty years ago, it was a Spanish city of some 20,000 people. The *Hegira* from Iowa had not yet begun. People still took their siesta in the middle of the day, and the urge of business was softened by the spirit of *manana*. But the gentle philosopher knew what would happen when the inevitable boom came, and, because he loved the things which have come to this country through the genius of Spain, he determined that, in so far as it lay in his power to bring it about, the old songs and legends should not die.

So Lummis, living in the home which he himself patterned and built, has become, by the sheer force of his personality, the man in whom the spirit of the padres and conquistadores of the Southwest has its being more than in any other son of Anglo-Saxon America. He wrote his "Land of Poco Tiempo," not in order to produce a "best seller," but in order that the leisurely wisdom, the beauty and the glamour of an order that was passing away should not be without its chronicler.

In Los Angeles he met a lady of Spanish extraction whose memory was a veritable treasure house of the old songs of Spanish California. She was Dona Manuela Garcia, and, to quote Mr. Lummis' words: "In all my collecting throughout Spanish America I have not found another such golden memory, and her clear, true voice has given me the phonograph versions of thirteen of these songs ('Spanish Songs of Old California')—in all she recorded 160 for me."

A song is a little thing, but when you call it "The Wearing of the Green" or "The Marseillaise" or "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah" it becomes a force in the spiritual order as potent as the law of gravitation in the physical. Men have their day and pass away, but in a tune like the "Rakoczy" march or an old ditty like "All Through the Night" there is preserved, as in a vial, the thrill of bygone loves and eternal heroisms.

What Lummis says in the foreword to his collection will show how clearly he recognized this. Says he: "Here are fourteen songs of fourteen kinds—songs that Fremont, the Pathfinder, heard and loved, and, ahead of him, Dana of 'Two Years Before the Mast.' They range from the unfeigned 'Mother Goose' of 'Quelele' and 'Zapatero' through the magpie pertness of 'Pepa,' the shrewd 'Primavera,' the passion of 'Magica Mujer' and 'Adios Amores,' the wistful 'Pena Hueca,' the Helne-like 'Barquillera,' the whimsical 'Charro.' Spanish lends itself notably to the onomatopoeic or sense-revealing song, in which the rhythm or sound, or both, simulate the subject sung of. Two admirable examples here are the sway of the hammock in 'La Hamaca' and the pelt of the rain in 'Capotin.' As for 'La Noche Sta. Serena,' that has always affected me as the dear 'Juanita' of my boyhood. One cannot but love these songs—the homely quaintness of some, the sheer beauty of others and the charm of all."

If Charles Fletcher Lummis is not Californian by birth, he belongs to the Golden State by the equally convincing token that he has preserved for his adopted country music that was dear to the people of this land when it was in its infancy.

The antique spirit which has departed from Los Angeles Lummis still finds in Santa Barbara. There the old Spanish leaven leavens the whole of society. As at Santa Fe, business recognizes that the old Spanish architecture, the patios and the plazas give the city a character which is at once comely and harmonious. When the earthquake overthrew the Santa Barbara mission, and young architects would have liked to show their skill—and their lack of good taste—by erecting a brand new church and obliterating all that was left of the old mission, Lummis reminded the Franciscans that the mission was not only a church, but a priceless relic of the California of the padres. The Franciscans felt the force of his reasoning and we shall be saved the chagrin of pious vandalism.

In Santa Barbara they have a young woman, Miss Overman, under whose tuition the children in the public schools sing the old songs that were sung in the streets of Santa Barbarans of long ago. More than



grapa versions of thirteen of these songs (Spanish songs in a box of 100)—In all she recorded 160 forms."

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I wish that young woman would visit us in San Francisco and make her precious lore our own.

When the Spanish coloratura, Elvira de Hidalgo, was here she sang a number of Spanish songs. When I told her that here in the West there were golden lyrics of the same kind, equally beautiful, the product of the Spanish genius in exile on the very edge of the world, she was astonished and delighted, and she vowed that when she came again she would sing for San Franciscans some of the old songs that were sung here before the coming of the Forty-niners.

If that music is good enough for Elvira de Hidalgo, it is a pity and a reproach if we do not sing it as well. Our singers are ransacking the Orient and out-of-the-way corners of Europe for material. Why not seek here at home? There is treasure worthy the finding. Or they might pen a line to Lummis at 200 East Avenue 48, Los Angeles.

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## A Lecture on Spanish and Indian Songs.

Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles, Cal., editor of Out West, a magazine, will deliver a lecture at the University building, Ninth and Locust streets, to-night, on "Old Spanish and Indian Songs." It is a regular lecture scheduled in the winter's course by the Kansas City Archaeological society. The lecture will be illustrated by phonographic records. Mr. Lummis has spent much time in the study of the Spanish and Indian peoples of the far West.

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# Old California Spanish Songs Are Collected

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Romance of old California, with its fandango, its languishing love songs, its vaqueros, is all recalled and preserved in the first collection of early California songs ever made, which have been translated and placed on sale by Dr. Charles F. Lummis, former Los Angeles newspaper man.

This collection is the result of 38 years' work by Dr. Lummis, who, throughout his life, has taken an ardent interest in early California during the days of the Spanish dons. He has been knighted by the king of Spain for his research work and was made a member of the Spanish Royal academy.

The first edition of the songs was sold out before it was off the press. Included in the collection are: "La Hamaca," "La Barquillera," "El Quelele," "La Noche," "El Zapatero" and many other old ballads equally famous.

# SPANISH SONGS of OLD CALIFORNIA

Coleccionadas por el

**Dr. CHAS. F. LUMMIS,**

Comendador de la Real Orden de Isabel la Católica, Corr. de la Real Academia de la Historia, Autor de "The Spanish Pioneers", 14 canciones inéditas de rancho y pueblo, de 1850 y más allá. Todas distintas, todas simpáticas. Acomp. de piano por Arthur Farwell. \$1.50, franco.

**CHAS. F. LUMMIS**

200 East Ave. 43, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Dr. Lummis' Undertaking

I am glad to see that Charles F. Lummis is publishing the old Spanish songs of the southwest, which labor of love will help to preserve a phase of the old Spanish order too picturesque to be lost to prosperity. I agree with Dr. Lummis that it were a sin and a folly to let such songs perish and I hope that a wide response to their publication will ensue. For nearly forty years, Charley Lummis has been engaged in collecting these heart-reaching folk songs and if the first edition of fourteen typical lyrics is to be followed by others his undertaking must be handsomely encouraged. When I first came to Los Angeles, nearly a quarter of a century ago, I used to hear Charley try out these songs, and I became enamoured of the airs. Alas! moving pictures are suppressing the singing habit that used to prevail among our Mexican population.

S. T. C.

P. 22

Oct. 27  
Saturday



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Dr. Charles F. Lummis, the friend and patron of the California Missions, in a recent letter, published by the Los Angeles *Tidings*, pleads for the preservation of the old Spanish songs of the Southwest, of which he has gathered a large number. Within a few weeks a typical collection of them will be published under the title, "Spanish Songs of Old California." The book may be obtained by subscription. Dr. Lummis's address is 200 E. Ave. 43, Los Angeles, Ca.

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The Echo - Nov 5  
Los Angeles 11/4 22.3

## The Old Songs

MAYBE you all do not know that old Don Carlos Lummis, who lives in his own stone fortress at No. 200 East Avenue 43 in that part of Los Angeles known as the Arroyo Seco, is getting out a book of the old songs of California—the songs that the happy people used to sing in the golden times when California was the happiest land in all the world.

Nobody but Don Carlos would be able to do this wonderful thing. Throughout the loving years that he has lived under our sunny skies he has been diligent and faithful in gathering the beautiful things concerned with our history. And, best of all, he has saved the songs.

And now he is printing them in a book and we can all have one by sending to him for it. And who wouldn't want this marvelous bundle of melody? There have been no songs like them since, and maybe there will never be songs like them any more.

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# Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

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NEWS HERALD—368

JUNE 4, 1926

## CHORUS SINGERS TO JOIN PAGEANT

### ARROYO SECO CHORUS ASKED TO COOPERATE IN PATRIOTIC SPEC- TACLE.

Of special interest to residents of the Greater Highland Park district is the general invitation which has been extended to all who sing in Los Angeles to join the great chorus of 1000 voices which is to take part in the colossal patriotic spectacle, the Pageant of Liberty, "One Hundred and Fifty Years of American History," which is to be given in the Coliseum, Los Angeles, on the afternoon of Monday, July 5th. Interest in the matter in this region is heightened by the fact that in establishing three localities, for the organization and rehearsing of this chorus in three divisions, this section of the city is chosen as one of these localities, and one of the divisions of the chorus will be rehearsed in the Arroyo Seco clubhouse, 6150 Piedmont avenue.

Farwell, the Director

The civic committee for this great celebration last week announced the appointment of Arthur Farwell, the famous composer and conductor, as musical director of the pageant, and the rehearsals and performance of the chorus will be under his personal direction. Mr. Farwell was the first to make a national musical issue of the music of the American Indians, and came to Los Angeles first in 1904 to work with the collection of Spanish and Indian songs collected by the noted author and ethnologist, Charles F. Lummis. From 1910 to 1913 he was supervisor of Municipal Concerts in the Parks and Recreation Piers of New York City and was instrumental in cleaning the musical system of the city of politics and graft. In 1916 he composed the Shakespearean Tercentenary Masquet, "Caliban," of which he was musical producing director, with 500 participants in its New York triumph. Mr. Farwell was one of the original founders of the community music movement, and was the organizer and president of the New York Community Chorus from 1915 to 1918, when he came to California to live.

Lewis to Cooperate

The great success of the Arroyo Seco Community chorus under the capable directorship of J. Arthur Lewis, and its receiving of the Eisteddfod award, was a large factor in deciding to establish one division of the Pageant of Liberty chorus in this district. It was after a visit to one of the chorus meetings here and an interview with Mr. Lewis that Mr. Farwell decided upon this move.

- Each division of the pageant chorus will have four weekly rehearsals, those at the Arroyo Seco clubhouse being scheduled for the following four Monday evenings, June 7, 14, 21 and 28, rehearsals being at 8 o'clock p. m. Mr. Lewis volunteered his

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#### All Singers Welcome

Mr. Farwell wishes it well understood that singers without trained voices or knowledge of sight reading are equally welcome with those who have these things, as this great compound chorus will have both a four part section and a "community" section, for the broad mass effects which he plans to obtain. The most highly trained and the least trained will both have their proper and appropriate place in this massive chorus. The members will have no expense. It is confidently expected that "Division 1" will make a good beginning next Monday evening, and register many members.

Alto 75 Clipping  
Pro 65 Bureau

LOS ANGELES.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ROYAL ORE.

SLIPKILL FREE

215--YON ANGELES, CAL.  
SATURDAY NIGHT

OCT. 27, 1923

### Dr. Lummis' Undertaking

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S. T. C.



the upper section of the

The following songs have received the most votes of directors of community singing throughout the United States. What do you think of the list: "America," "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Old Black Joe," "Star Spangled Banner," "Sweet Adeline," "Dixie," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginney," "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Home, Sweet Home," "Till We Meet Again," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Li'l Lisa Jane," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Sweet Genevieve" and "Good Night, Ladies." Of the list of seventeen three were written by Stephen C. Foster, the Pittsburgh song genius, who picked out the tunes on an old cracked flute.

From Ruth F. Anet,  
Mercury Herald,  
San Jose, California.

ONDAY MORNING, JAN

## ***Folksong of Old California Made Into Collection by Chas. Lummis***

Radiantly reminiscent of "Bride of Mission San Jose" days is the first book of songs of Spanish-California, collected and translated by Charles F. Lummis, with pianoforte accompaniments by Arthur Farwell. Just as the state's picturesque first settlers introduced the fandango and the ribbon-slung guitar, just so surely did they bequeath the all-but-forgotten songs gathered by Dr. Lummis through the last 38 years. The book, which is called "Spanish Songs of Old California," is the first authentic collection to be made.

Romance of the old California has always been a matter of first consequence to Dr. Lummis. American academic honors and degrees are his, while the king of Spain has knighted him, and he has been made a member of the Spanish Royal Academy, for brilliant research accomplishment. His efforts on behalf of the Indians of the southwest have been long and untiring. Years ago Dr. Lummis was city editor of the Los Angeles Daily Times. He served as librarian of the Los Angeles public library for five years and as curator of the Southwest museum at a later period. Long intervals in his life have been spent in learning Indian languages and customs, in exploration, and in working to preserve California's historic landmarks. He is at present president of "The Landmarks Club of California". The author of books of verse and travel and of critical articles in the Encyclopaedias Britannica and Americana, he has found time since 1905 to make phonographic records of 450 old Spanish songs of the southwest and 425 Indian songs in 37 languages.

### **Notables Subscribe.**

The first edition of "Spanish Songs of Old California," sold out long before publication. Among the first subscribers were David Starr Jordan, Herbert Hoover, Vernon Kellogg, Harry Barnhart, Mary Garden, V. Blasco Ibanez, Rupert Hughes and Alice Gentle. Also, before publication, the worth of the songs was proved by Mr. Farwell, who taught them by rote to his community choruses in Santa Barbara and Pasadena. The 14 songs in the colorful collection are: "La Hamaca," "La Barquillera," "El Quelele," "La Noche 'sta Serena," "El Capotin," "Chata Cara de Bule," "Pena Hueca," "El Zapatero," "La Primavera," "Mi Pepa," "Es El Amor Mariposa," "La Magica Mujer," "El Charro," and "Adios, Adios Amores."

In an introduction to "Spanish Songs of Old California" Dr. Lummis writes: "The songs of every soil have beauty of their own; but the folksongs of the Spanish blood—whether in the old peninsula or in the new world that Spain gave to the old—has a particular fascination, a naivete, and yet a vividness and life, a richness of melody, with a certain resilience and willfulness—that give it a pre-eminent appeal. It has more music in it—more rhythm, more grace. It not only joys my hearing and tickles in my pulses, but cuddles in my heart more happily than the songs of any of the score of other nationalities to which I have given friendly ear.

### **Song Magic.**

"Perhaps the movement for community singing shall bring back, somewhat, the like saving grace to our hurried, angular lives. There is nothing in the world that could be so good."

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### Song Magic.

"Perhaps the movement for community singing shall bring back, somewhat, the like saving grace to our hurried, angular lives. There is nothing in the world that could be so 'good for what ails us'—the unrest, the social dyspepsia, the de-humanizing and de-homing, the apartness that comes by multitudes—as to get together and sing together. It brings a marvelous psychological 'thaw,' even in a crowd of strangers—and a wondrous welding in a crowd of friends. And for that, these old Spanish songs have, in Mr. Farwell's splendid community choruses, become fully as great favorites as their Saxon kindred, 'Swanee River,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'John Brown's Body,' and all that roster of deathless memory.

"These songs 'belong to be sung in Spanish—the most difficult form—but I have written an English version that will sing, and still preserve the sense very closely—the most difficult form of literary gymnastics I have ever found. The genius of the two languages is in this absolutely unlike. We 'set to music;' in Spanish the music is the thing—and if a word has to be stood on its head as to accent, why, on its head it goes!

"At any rate, we shall have saved a heritage of lasting beauty, to which abler poets may do better justice. And I hope to be able to follow this book with others, each of about the same number of songs, until we have preserved a fair showing of the quaint, heart-reaching folksong which flowered in the California that was."

Arthur Farwell, the distinguished Pasadena composer and song leader, says of the collection: "The value of the Spanish-California songs to individual singers, in providing them with new and engaging folksong features for their programs, is too obvious to require comment."

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company of constabulary was sent today from Zamboaga to Surigao province, on the island of Mindanao, to assist the force of Colonel Bowyer, constabulary commander of Surigao, to disperse religious fanatics who stubbornly refuse to leave Bucas Island, off the coast of Mindanao, and return to their homes.



## "SONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST"

Most every one in Southern California has reason to know Charles F. Lummis, for his Landmark's Club, his contributions to the Southwest Museum, his activities in behalf of the restoration of, or better still, appreciation for California's heritage, the Franciscan and Jesuit missions, have been an arduous labor of love. To him we are indebted for many stories and facts of mission lore and romance,



DR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS

and his position as a friend and patron of the Missions might appropriately be envied by many Catholics.

In a letter, recently issued, he states:

"For 38 years I have been trying to save the old, old Spanish songs of the Southwest, and have collected a great number. They were never published, and in the changed social order are rapidly disappearing—the very people who taught them to me have largely forgotten them!

"It is a sin and a folly to let such songs perish. We need them now! These heart-felt and heart-reaching folksongs will come as a fresh Western wind to those weary of the strident or vapid, ephemeral songs of today—full of smartness and jingle, but almost without a trace of the genuine human thrill of "Suwanee River" or

"Nellie Gray" or "Old Black Joe" or "My Old Kentucky Home." These Spanish songs of Old California are of that kindred. My versions are authentic, both in music and text. I have followed the Spanish with a singing English translation; and Arthur Farwell has made the pianoforte accompaniments with his unsurpassed sympathy and skill.

"I find that to preserve these gems of California romance—and of real music—I must publish them myself.

"Within a few weeks my 'Spanish Songs of Old California' (First Book) will be on the market, with 14 typical songs. I am making this venture in the belief that these songs deserve both historical and musically to be saved from oblivion—and that they are really needed in our day.

"I must depend almost wholly on subscription, and hope that this First Book may meet a welcome which will enable me to issue further books of about a dozen songs each, until we shall have preserved at least a reasonable representation of that quaint, genuine and fascinating folksong which flowered in the Patriarchal days of California 'Before the Gringo Came.'"

Dr. Lummis' work may be obtained by subscription, and he will be pleased to communicate with those who are interested. His address is 200 East Avenue 43, Los Angeles.

# CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS HAS PUBLISHED A BOOK OF THE SONGS OF SPANISH CALIFORNIA

By REDFERN MASON

**D**O you know Charles Fletcher Lummis? If you don't, get his "Land of Poco Tiempo" out of the library—or, better still, buy it, for it is the kind of book one likes to own. What Mary Austin did for the borderland of Death Valley Lummis has done for the pueblo civilization of New Mexico—that civilization which, in certain valuable qualities, offers a model which we transplanted Anglo-Saxons, Celts and others might do well to imitate.

Lummis came to California when Los Angeles was still a Spanish city and he quickly came under the spell of the courteous intimacy and generous good fellowship of that quasi patriarchal regime.

Those were the days before industrialism had made people too busy to sing. Listen to Mr. Lummis' own words:

"In the California days of my young manhood it seemed there was always somebody singing at work or at play—Carmen or Nina or Pichona or Isabel—and nightly, by dusk or moonlight, twenty or thirty of us would sit in the long corridor, forgetting the hours as we sang our hearts out . . . maybe with Padre Pedro marching up and down, a choirmaster with a voice as the Bulls of Bashan."

What has become of those songs? Have they floated off into the *Ewigkeit*, like the smoke and the beer of Hans Breilmann's party? Or are there echoes of them still to be heard in out-of-the-way places of our sunny California?

Friend Lummis has answered this question in the best way in the world:

For thirty-eight years he has been collecting the old songs of the Southwest—songs in which the Spanish genius told its reactions to life in that California which, as one of their romancers put it, was "not very far from the garden of Paradise." How wealthy was that lode of golden song we may know from the fact that the collector has recorded over four hundred melodies, none of which have been published, unless perhaps the dozen or so set down by W. J. McCoy are among the number.

Now Mr. Lummis has issued a collection of fourteen "Spanish Songs of Old California." He is his own publisher, and the charmingly presentable book can be had from him at 290 East Avenue 43, Los Angeles.

Of the character of the songs Mr. Lummis is his own best expositor. Here is what he says on the subject:

"Here are fourteen songs of fourteen kinds—songs that Fremont the Pathfinder heard and loved, and, ahead of him, Dana of 'Two Years Before the Mast.' They range from the unfeigned 'Mother Goose' of 'Quelele' and 'Zapatero,' through the magpie pertness of 'Pepa,' the shrewd 'Primavera,' the passion of 'Magica Mujer' and 'Adios Amores,' the wistful 'Pena Buca,' the Heine-like 'Barquillera,' the whimsical 'Charro.' Spanish lends itself notably to the onomatopoeic or sense-revealing song, in which the rhythm or sound, or both, simulate the subject sung of. Two admirable examples here are the sway of the hammock in 'La Hamaca' and the pelt of the rain in 'Capotin.' As for 'La Noche sta serena,' that has always affected me as the dear 'Juanita' of my boyhood. One cannot but love these songs—the homely quaintness of some, the sheer beauty of others, and the charm of all."

Manifestly such a collection is a book to be loved. It is musical history—that sweetest of all history, the history of the intimacies of home. Every one of these songs has a tale associated with it, if only the story of the man or woman who sang it, or the circumstances under which it was rescued from the oblivion that is forever threatening the unrecorded songs of the folk.

What George Petrie did for the songs of Ireland Charles Fletcher Lummis is doing for the Spanish songs of California. Fiddle in hand, Petrie—a doctor by profession—wandered up and down Erin over a space of time not far short of half a century, and whenever he found people who "had music" he noted down their songs. Percy Grainger has done the same thing for the songs of England, and one of these days the pianist will convince a rather incredulous world that England has its treasure of folk-music not less fascinating and characteristic than the folk-music of other countries.

And just as Petrie faithfully recorded the sources of his songs, so Lummis has credited the singers who helped him in his labor of love. Here is a last quotation:

"I cannot put out this booklet without a tribute to one whose pride of race as a Californian has done much to save the songs of her people. In all my collecting throughout Spanish America I have not found another such golden memory, and her clear, true voice has given me the phonograph versions of thirteen of these songs—in all she recorded 160 for me. We owe long remembrance to Dona Manuela Garcia of Los Angeles. The fourteenth song, 'El Quelele,' was recorded by that famous California 'toast,' Dona Tullita Wilcox."

The songs are given in both Spanish and English, and Mr. Lummis confesses the pains he has been forced to take to give, not merely a literal translation, but the spirit of the original. At the best, translations are a second best. But Mr. Lummis knows the Latin idiom as a lover knows his sweetheart, and it is only one who knows a language in that way who can convey something of its volatile aroma in another tongue.

That excellent musician, Arthur Farwell, is responsible for the settings. He has done his work well, adhering faithfully to the Spanish musical idiom and not going astray to worship the gods of singularity.

The cover drawing is the work of a cowboy, Ed Bereln—at least he did cow-punching in the past. Today, to cite Mr. Lummis, he is a "true painter and one of the best etchers in America."

If you care for music and if you are a lover of California, you owe it to yourself to possess a copy of "Spanish Songs of Old California."



# What Comes Down My Creek — By Harry Stillwell Edwards

CHARLES E. LUMMIS, of Los Angeles, is engaged in a work that will win him the gratitude of all lovers of music. The old Spani songs, which in California occupy pretty much the same relation to history as the negro song in the south, are rapidly passing from the memory of the race. Only here and there, on the lips of strolling players, and the old people of Spanish settlements, are these songs heard today. To take them down, both music score and words, and translate the latter, is the work Dr. Lummis has undertaken. His first volume containing fourteen songs is just out. The poems, like those of all peasant songs, are simple, and the motif is always love. The piano accompaniments are by Frank Farwell, and in the words of Dr. Lummis, "are of unsurpassed sympathy and skill."

Dr. Lummis' work, in fact, is a notable one, and bound to attract widespread attention. Only the little brochure which he himself sends with the songs, can do justice to him or his subject. He writes with the enthusiasm of the poet-artist, and throws a charming glamor of romance around his subject. For thirty-eight years he has been collecting these songs, his mission carrying him as far south as Chile. He has lived with the peasants and slept with the shepherds on the hills, picking up as he went bits of melody and romance. He has recorded 450 songs, and, as he says, has many more in his "attic." He pays this beautiful tribute to Dona Manuela Garcia, of Los Angeles: "In all my collecting throughout Spanish America, I have not found another such golden memory; and her clear, true voice has given me the phonographic versions of thirteen of these songs. In all, she has recorded 160 for me. The fourteenth song, 'Elquelele,' was recorded by the 'toast' of California, Dona Tulita Wilcox."

As a part of his theme Dr. Lummis drops naturally into a discussion of the value of song: "Perhaps the movement for community singing shall bring back, somewhat, a saving grace to our hurried, angular lives. There is nothing in the world that could be so good for what ails us—the unrest, the social dyspepsia, the dehumanizing, dehomologing, the apartness that comes by multitudes, as 'Get Together and Sing Together.' It brings a marvelous psychological thaw, even in a crowd of strangers, and a wondrous welding in a crowd of friends."

"Everybody sang," says Dr. Lummis, "in my own New England boyhood; boys and men whistled, and women sang at their work. And the congregational singing! In the California days of my young manhood it seemed there was always somebody singing at work or at play—Carmen, or Nena, or Pichona, or Ysabel—and nightly, by dusk or moonlight, twenty or thirty of us sitting in the long corridor, forgetting the hours as we sang our hearts out in these very (Spanish) songs."

Mr. Lummis' love of the old songs is equalled only by his contempt for most of the new. "When we reflect that out of the thousands of songs loosed upon us every year, practically all are with another year forgotten; when you try to recall how many songs written within the last twenty years find place in a collection of college songs or other books for popular use; and after fifty years such anthologies still give 'Suwanee River,' 'Old Black Joe,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' do these facts mean nothing to you? I was born before the Civil war; yet there are not a dozen songs now national favorites, which I did not know as a boy."

The value of these old Spanish songs may be measured in part by comparison with the Scottish. The world would be a lonely place if the songs of Scotland had been lost. As a matter of fact, of the great songs of the

south, few would ever have been written if there had been no background of Scotland. While it is true that our own southern negroes, with a basis of the Scotch and English "part" songs popularized the rhythm that goes with syncopated music, it was the Mexican melody, "La Paloma," that started the craze for the higher forms of such music. This one song charmed the world, and still holds its own. Nobody knows its age. Doubtless it dates in the essentials, back to Aragon and Castile, or the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. "La Golindrina," its companion, is scarcely less famous and enduring. No man can compute the age of any song. "The songs of the soil, of every soil," says Mr. Lummis, "have beauty of their own; but the folksong of the Spanish blood, whether in the old peninsular, or in the New World that Spain gave to the Old, has a fascination, a naivette, and yet a vividness and life, a richness of melody, with a certain resilience and wilfulness that give it pre-eminent appeal. Song, then, was born of emotion, and never of the commercial itch. It came from the heart and it reaches the heart. Spanish lends itself notably to the onomato-poetic, or self-revealing song, in which the rhythm or sound or both simulate the subject. One can not help but love the songs, the homely quaintness of some, the sheer beauty of others."

Not less enthusiastic over the rescue of these Spanish songs is Arthur Farwell, who restored the musical forms: "In the vast community singing movement of America, the meaning and value of these songs is beyond all power to estimate or predict. In community song movements, under my direction, they have been sung, and are being sung, by large numbers of people year after year with increasing enthusiasm and delight, even under the difficulties of their hitherto unpublished condition." Farwell's accompaniments preserve the equivalents of the native guitar.

Dr. Lummis admits that the most difficult feat that he has been called on to perform in connection with this work of rescue was the translation into English singing words of the original Spanish. As in the case of all folksongs the poetic element was found to be elusive; simple almost to childishness. To get this into readable and singable English was indeed a task. Here is a sample from the Spanish "Mother Goose," written around "El Quelele" (the white hawk):


"Papa Quelele has died, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
aye!  
Died as the morning was breaking;  
Papa Quelele has died, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
aye!  
Now to his grave he must go.  
Three dragoons and a corporal, aye, aye, aye,  
aye, aye!  
Tomcat for sacristan, too  
And all the baby Queleles, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
aye!  
Cry them to death in their woe!"

In "The Noche sta Serena" (Serenade), the lover sings:

So fair and still, the night is,  
The very wind's asleep:  
Thy sentinel so tender,  
His watch and ward doth keep.  
And on the wings of zephyrs, soft,  
That wander how they will  
To thee, my fair one, all to thee,  
My prayers go flut'ring still—  
To thee, my fair one, all to thee,  
My prayers go flut'ring still.

In "La Hamaca" (The Hammock), there is a rhythm to match the swing of the hammock:

I have my hammock 'a swinging  
Down by the side of the sea,  
Hidden, my cabin is clinging,  
Where the banana grows free.



# The Poetry Society of America

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB  
GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK

JOHN ERSKINE, President

EDWIN MARKHAM, the Honorary President

LEONORA SPEYER  
MAY RILEY SMITH  
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DECEMBER, 1923

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The Poetry Society meeting in November was opened by Vice-President Leonora Speyer. Later the chair was taken by President Erskine who had arrived that evening from lecturing in Pittsburgh. As a committee to count the ballots on the Poetry Society prize poems, Mrs. Speyer appointed Jessie Lemont Trausil, Royal Dixon and Daniel Maurice Murphy.

Mr. Kalil Gibran, artist and poet, then read for a half an hour from his new book *The Prophet*; (Knopf). Mr. Gibran, born on Mount Lebanon, expresses his wisdom through English that may sometimes blur a little the color of his vivid oriental concept. But the artist in him meets happily with the philosopher and in striking symbol and parable his departing prophet discourses to the citizens of the city on meanings below the surface of things. Those listening to Mr. Gibran were instructed as well as entertained as he threw unwonted light upon some of our old precepts and prejudices. Auguste Rodin, sculptor, once said of Mr. Gibran: "I know of no one else in whom drawing and poetry are so linked together as to make him a new Blake."

Chairman Trausil of the committee on counting the ballots then announced that Roselle Mercier Montgomery and Leonora Speyer had led in the contest, Mrs. Montgomery being ten points ahead. For her *Ulysses Returns*, she therefore gets the Julia Ellsworth Ford prize, and Mrs. Speyer for her *Oberammergau*, gets the prize offered incognito by a non-member.

The poems of the evening were read by the always welcomed Marie Collins Rooney. They were: *Sadi Passes*, by



she had talked over the incident with you, and she intended to look up the history of Paolo and Francesca on her visit to Italy during the summer.

I feel, my dear Miss Monroe, that too much criticism is uttered in America before the facts are looked up. But the important difference between us is in that theory of the local and the contemporary, for which you criticised me and for which I defended myself. I wish you would explain your view further, with Shakespeare's plays for illustration.

I am asking the Secretary of the Poetry Society to print this letter in our bulletin, and I trust you will find room for it in *Poetry*.

Faithfully yours,

Miss Harriet Monroe.

John Erskine."

Richard Burton is giving a morning course of lectures at Columbia on *Significant Books*. This month he discussed Frost's new volume, *New Hampshire*, and spoke also on *The New School of Poetry*, a subject he is discussing very widely over the country. The frequency of its selection shows the interest in the recent movement. Professor Burton is East for lectures up to Spring.

*Flowers of Our Lost Romance*, is the name of the first book of *Spanish Songs of Old California*, collected and translated by Chas. F. Lummis with Pianoforte Accompaniment by Arthur Farwell. "A unique book of the colorful and romantic songs sung in California before the Gringo came, and gathered by Dr. Lummis in the last thirty-eight years. Fourteen songs of fourteen kinds—and all characteristic. No such lasting, heart-felt and heart-warming songs for the people are written to-day."

Golf is being poetized like the dance on the green around the May-pole. Here are *Lyrics of the Links*, by Frances Brower Keene and *The Epic of Golf*, by Clinton Scollard. Harold Vinal is bringing out a few distinctive books of poems. *Voyage* by Harold Vinal. *Marriage Songs* by Mary Caroline Davies. *Cup of Sand* by George Brandon Saul. *Turning Earth* by Power Dalton.

New Books of verse: *Scarlet Runner*, by Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery, sensitive imagination and lyrical quality. *The Ancient Beautiful Things*, by Fannie Stearns Davis, delicate sympathy, verbal distinction; *Harp Weaver*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, magic and melody of cadence. *Many Wings* by Isabel Fiske Conant will come this week from Brimmer, Boston.



ap 1925

trovery in the press, but it was far more exciting to hear the actual words of a concealed debate.

The Thanksgiving Day service in the Madeleine, the next day, was the occasion for another outpouring of Americans. It gave a thrill to see Old Glory carried by a group of sturdy American soldiers from the Paris Post of the Legion, to hear the tribute paid to America by the curé and to listen to the reading of President Coolidge's proclamation. Incidentally it was quite remarkable to listen to the curé's remarks, first in French, to his French auditors; next, in excellent English, to the Americans present.

Rarely could one happen upon Paris at a more interesting time. Political and social events occurred in rapid succession and discussions of all kinds were rife. The operations of the Dawes Plan, the recognition of Russia, and the ever-present question of the debts were debated everywhere. Just before the British elections, France, at the suggestion of Premier Macdonald, had agreed to interchange ambassadors with the Moscow government, and relations were thus renewed. Then came the publication of the alleged Zinoviev letter, and the surprising reaction of the British electorate, followed by the repudiation of the conventions made by Britain's labor government with Moscow. There were many in Paris who felt that the Herriot ministry had acted too quickly and the arrival of Krassin was greeted with both applause and disapproval. But, on the whole, European sentiment has come to feel that the present Russian regime is permanent, that it will undergo a gradual evolution and that it must be dealt with officially.

The debt to America was continually discussed, and is too great a question for debate here. Suffice it to say that the French people, while they do not specifically refuse to acknowledge it, feel that the payment is impossible, and will not admit of the justice of the full amount. France has not balanced her budget and does not appear likely to do so. And the Dawes Plan is accepted, but merely in a spirit of skepticism.

There were various interesting functions at the American University Union, which is an institution supported by the Carnegie Foundation and a number of our universi-

ties. It forms a center for university people and any who go to Paris will find a warm welcome and much assistance at the headquarters at 178 Boulevard St. Germain. There can be found information as to accommodations, contacts with other university men and women, and help in unraveling of the perplexities of courses of study at the various French institutions.

I wish space permitted some details of the various trips about the country—to Mont Saint Michel with its famous old Abbey, to quaint Brittany and its refreshing common folk, to the glimpse of the trenches near Rheims, to the ghastly scars of tragic Ypres. I should like to tell of a visit to Geneva, where a former student of mine who is now in the secretariat of the League of Nations, gave me an insight into the workings of that much-discussed organization, and quite converted me to a belief in its accomplishments. And the visit to Chamonix, where I had the good fortune to meet a veritable M. Perrichon, although the charming Henriette was unfortunately absent. So, also, the Rhone Valley and the Riviera, where I felt myself back in our own Southern California. But all this would take much more space than the Editor has at his disposal. Suffice it to say that the traveler who goes merely to Paris and spends his time migrating between the Café de la Paix or the American Express Company office to the fool-traps of Montmartre has made the mistake of his life. Let him get out into the country, away from the flocks of tourists and mix with the people. Then, and then only, will he find the unmistakable charm of France lay hold upon him.

And what a charm it is! The atmosphere of beauty, the delight of getting from Main Street, from worrying about what "folks will say" of your remarks. Bernard Shaw is it, who says that the American is more than anybody else on earth passionately desirous of improving himself, and when he thinks he has improved himself sufficiently, he begins to hunt around for somebody else to improve. Well, one finds nothing of that sort in France, and the realization is delicious. And one may mix with a social crowd and find that it is not "highbrow" to talk about things literary or artistic. There is no booming or boasting, no "what do you think of us?", nothing provincial; but instead, the cosmopolitan. I find myself gen-



uninely homesick for the scenes that have been left and for the good French folk with whom I associated.

What a jumble this all is! But it is impossible to record in a short three or four pages the kaleidoscopic experiences of four months. I find myself renewed in zeal and vigor by the vacation. More and more there grows on one the realization that every teacher, particularly the teacher of language, should spend time abroad and spend it frequently. Our two eyes are given us for the

purpose of affording us with a sense of perspective. And a visit abroad with the consequent opportunity to view matters from the standpoint of another nation and race gives us the emancipation from the narrow and provincial. Since we have come into the Old World as a nation—and the single most important impression that one gets abroad just now is the absolutely staggering influence of America in world affairs—the greater is the need for all Americans who can to make the trip.

## SPANISH FOLK-LORE IN THE UNITED STATES

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, *Stanford University, California.*

One of the richest fields for the study of Spanish folk-lore is the southwestern part of our own country, particularly the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Some of these regions are very old in Spanish traditions and have very tenaciously preserved many precious documents of old Spanish folk-lore that other Spanish countries and even Spain itself have completely forgotten. For the comparative study of Spanish folk-lore, therefore, the collection, publication and study of folk-lore materials from the above mentioned regions are of the greatest interest and importance.

Very little has been done in the collection and publication of really traditional material of Spanish source from any of these regions, with the single exception of New Mexico. In the field of New Mexican Spanish folk-lore, the author of this article was fortunate enough to collect abundant materials that have been a distinct addition to general Spanish folk-lore studies.<sup>1</sup> Some of these materials, particularly the purely linguistic studies, the folk-tales and the *romances tradicionales*, or traditional ballads, have been a very welcome contribution to Spanish linguistics and folk-lore. The traditional Spanish ballads, for example, that

are ten in number and are found in twenty-seven versions, furnish us with one of the most interesting and most archaic collections of Spanish ballads that have been collected anywhere in the Spanish world. Some of them are versions of Spanish ballads brought to the New World in the XVIth century and are, therefore, some of the most precious materials of Spanish folk-lore found in Spanish America.

But the New Mexican field has not been exhausted by any means. Much more material is available and it only awaits an enthusiastic collector who will appreciate its worth and save it from oblivion. New Mexican institutions unfortunately take no interest in the matter, and it remains for certain individuals who have the time and the ability to understand what is real folk-lore and what is modern and unimportant to continue this precious harvest.

In California there are more collectors, according to reports, but very little has been published as yet that has any great value for Spanish folk-lore studies. The author has collected and published a small number of traditional Spanish ballads, which like the New Mexican, are real gems on account of the archaic character of the versions. They

<sup>1</sup>Most of the writer's articles were published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* during the years 1910-1916, with the general title, *New Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore*, as follows: I *Myths*, II *Superstitions and Beliefs*, III *Folk-Tales*, IV *Proverbs*, V *Popular Comparisons*, VI *Los Trovos del Viejo Vilmas*, VII *More Folk-Tales*, VIII *Short Stories and Anecdotes*, IX *Riddles*, X *Children's Games*, XI *Nursery Rhymes*. Fourteen more New-Mexican Spanish folk-tales were published in the *Bulletin de Dialectologie Romane*, Hamburg, Germany, 1914. His collec-

tion of traditional Spanish ballads from New Mexico was published in the *Revue Hispanique*, Paris, 1915, with the title *Romancero Nuevomexicano*. In the work of C. F. Lummis, *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, New York, 1893, there are a few New-Mexican Spanish folk-songs, for the most part modern and of little importance for folk-lore studies. In fact, Mr. Lummis says that in New Mexico no traditional Spanish ballads were to be found. There are ten in twenty-seven versions in my publication mentioned above, and I feel confident that more may yet be found.



are published unedited in the Memorial Volumes<sup>2</sup> published in Spain recently in honor of Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal, the greatest living authority on Spanish language and literature, and who is collecting for publication the Spanish balladry of the whole Spanish-speaking world. He has the theory that the Spanish ballads are found in oral tradition wherever the Spanish language is spoken, and thus far his theory has been upheld wherever folk-lorists have looked for such materials. The author of this article has an unpublished collection of folk-tales from Spanish California. As for Spanish popular songs and lyrics, the only interesting collection for the Southwest as a whole is the publication of Miss Eleanor Hague, *Spanish American Folk-Songs*, New York, 1917. These songs, however, are not very old. The recent publications of Mr. Lummis, *Spanish Songs from Old California*, are XIXth century songs, and of little interest to folk-lore.

From Arizona and Texas I do not know of any important published documents of traditional Spanish folk-lore. Now that interest in the Spanish language is spreading over our country, thanks to the just appreciation on the part of Americans for a language that is spoken on this continent by some fifty million people with whom we must live in continual commercial and cultural relations, and that is one of the great languages of the world, it is to be hoped that professors and teachers of Spanish in our universities and colleges will make an earnest effort to interest their students in Spanish folk-lore, an almost virgin field that lies at our doors.

One interesting and useful work, for example, that all students of Spanish could very well undertake is the collection from all parts of our Spanish Southwest of the popular lyric quatrains, or *coplas*. In New Mexico and Colorado the Spanish-speaking people call these popular poetic compositions *versos*. *Echar versos*, to compose and sing these popular quatrains on special occasions, was a regular pastime in the XVIIIth and XIXth centuries. Thousands of them have been composed and hundreds may be easily collected. I have a collection from New Mexico, unedited, of about eight hundred. These *coplas* are the philosophy of the people. They are for the most part of a sententious character and express universal

truths. They are usually in octosyllabic verse, the Spanish popular metre par excellence, and very frequently preserve traditional materials two or three hundred years old.

The Amercian Folk-Lore Society, thanks to the efforts and interests of Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University, has taken a very active interest in the collecting and publishing of Spanish folk-lore from every possible source. But the funds of the society are limited, and unless material aid is constantly received from persons of wealth it is very difficult to carry on these investigations. In order to have a large collection of peninsular Spanish folk-tales for our comparative studies the American Folk-Lore Society decided several years ago to send a special investigator to Spain. The generosity of Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, past president of the society, and one of the most eminent American folk-lorists, made possible the expedition to Spain, and the result was most fortunate. We came back from Spain with some three hundred folk-tales that will be of inestimable value to our comparative studies.<sup>3</sup> We have in these Spanish materials conclusive proof of the theories we formerly held about the general character of the Spanish-American material, namely that it is for the most part traditional and very old. For the ballads the creative period ended in the XVIth century. From that time to the end of the XVIIIth century they came to the New World through various channels of tradition. In other fields the creative period has had a longer life. In the case of the *coplas*, the *décimas*, or ballad-like compositions of a narrative, amorous or philosophic character, the vigor of modern tradition vies with the old.

And to collect these materials from the Spanish-speaking Americans of our great Southwest a work really herculean is necessary. To cry for funds to carry on these researches may seem, in our commercially mad age, like a voice that cries in the wilderness. But it does not matter. For even without funds some of this precious material may be collected by some of us.

<sup>2</sup>*Homenaje a Don Ramon Menéndez Pidal*, 2 volumes, Madrid, 1925.

<sup>3</sup>These materials are now being published in the Stanford University Publications, with the title, *Cuentos Populares Espanoles*. Volumes I and II appeared in 1923 and 1924. Volume III is now in press.